UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

ME X XXI CHICAGO, MARCH 2, 1893 NUMBER 1

UNITY.

EKLY JOURNAL OF RELIGION.

ESTABLISHED IN 1878.

LLOYD JONES, SENIOR EDITOR,

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

RTRAM. JOHN C. LEARNED,
E, EMMA E. MAREAN,
DOLE, R. HEBER NEWTON,
NGER, WILLIAM M. SALTER,
CH, MINOT J. SAVAGE,
. HOSMER, MARION C. SHUTTER,
ANNETT, HENRY M. SIMMONS,
ULD, JAMES G. TOWNSRND,
ONARD, CELIA P. WOOLLEY.

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g, 12 cents per line; business notices 24
e. Advertisements of book publishers re-
ct: other advertising through LORD &
ertising agents, Chicago and New York.
the UNITY are requested to mention this
answering advertisements.

y Publishing Company.

0 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO.

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Editorial.

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l of workers.

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number III in the series of
Religion, now being
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KER lady suggests that "the
each a full blooded Indian
d after him a full blooded
n." But the trouble is our
s have so little blood that
very often cold-blooded.

J. H. CROOKER in an article in the February number of the *Universalist Monthly* reviews, with striking ability, Smythe's Christian Ethics. He says the name indicates a "vitiating limitation." "Might as well talk of Christian mathematics, Christian mechanics, or Christian physiology."

As will be seen in our Study Table department, the sermon on "Tobacco, the Second Intoxicant," is published in pamphlet form, uniform with "A New Help for the Drunkard," and can be ordered from this office for ten cents. To any reader of UNITY who desires to make a present of this sermon to any tobacco-using minister in any denomination, we will send until the edition is exhausted, a copy free on application to the senior editor.

THE *Universalist Monthly* for February calls the December number of *The New World* the greatest number of that publication. It quotes from Mazoomdar's article on the Brahmo Somaj as follows: "Men take shelter under the 'miraculous' when they have forsaken the spirit." This prophet of the new thought in the Old World is expected in Chicago next September, and his voice will be heard in the great Parliament of religions.

WE have ordered a fresh copy of the UNITY mailing list for the editorial desk. We propose to make it our *Vade mecum* for some time to come. Thus we will study our readers in their business relations to UNITY. We will discover who the tardy ones are and who the prompt. If you do not care much about UNITY, and are not much in sympathy with its purposes, now is a good time to pay up and stop your subscription. If you do believe in it, are interested in its struggle, and would like to help it in its sixteenth year of a quest for excellence, now is a good time to renew your subscription and ask your friends to do the same. Read our editorial and decide whether you want to be one of the 56 asked for, and how much can you do towards getting the 2,000 new subscribers before the first of May?

THERE is something touching in the thought of a birthday; its celebration is natural where the sentiments are allied to the mystery of events and the majesty of being. There is something still more searching, subtle and spiritual in the "Keeley" birthdays when liberated souls celebrate the anniversary of their release from the tyrant habit of alcohol. This is a growing custom among the "graduates" of those institutions whose army of sobered men is daily growing. It requires but little imagination to discover the sacred beauty, the tearful joy that gathers around the family table where wife and children unite with husband and father to celebrate the day when he came back to them out of drunkenness and degradation, curses and coarseness, clothed in his right mind, loving, loyal and living.

IF you want the most ably edited religious weekly published in this county, handsomely printed, with all the departments carefully prepared, and on the main hospitable to liberal thought, but still occupying that vague land between bigotry and rationalism, superstition and freedom known as "liberal orthodoxy," subscribe for the *Christian Union* at $3 a year. If you want the best Unitarian Weekly, a paper always wholesome, evenly able, never war-like, a paper which for several years has had no publicly expressed opinion upon any "issues" within the denomination, a paper that is always amicable and helpful, generally willing to follow rather than lead in denominational matters, subscribe for the *Christian Register* at $3 a year. If you want to read a weekly paper committed to the cause of progress and open fellowship with or without a denomination, which for love's sake often makes itself disagreeable, that is not very ably edited, and not carefully printed but means business, and hopes to improve in all directions, if you have a cause at heart that follows along these lines, read our editorial in this weeks issue, subscribe and get others to subscribe for UNITY at $1 a year.

FIFTEEN YEARS OF STRUGGLE.

IS IT A DEFEAT?

Unity makes one more departure. C. H. Kerr & Co. leave it with its blessing.

A NEW COMPANY FORMED.

Will the friends of UNITY see it through?

A Chance for Fifty Shares in the New UNITY Company of $100 each. $10 down, the remainder subject to assessment.

OVER ten years ago UNITY found a willing pair of hands, a warm heart and a clear head in Charles H. Kerr, then a young man just from the Wisconsin State University. It was an opportune find without which UNITY then might have been compelled to sing its "swan song" and die. Three years after UNITY's "boy" become a "man," and he assumed entire business charge of UNITY, carrying all risks, paying all bills and running his own chances, the UNITY Committee agreeing to edit the paper free of charge while the arrangement lasted. Under this arrangement we have worked for the last seven years. Mr. Kerr always fulfilling his share of the contract in cheerful good faith; never making money on UNITY, always willing to lose on it if need be, (as indeed, was often the case,) but building up around UNITY an experience, and a publishing interest that has quietly grown until now it has reached the magnitude which is the chance, perhaps, of his lifetime, and it demands his whole interest and undivided energy. UNITY, with its hurried editing, was demanding more time and attention than he ought to give and needing more of that same commodity all round, if it was to justify its claim for support. This perplexity is no sudden revelation at headquarters. We have foreseen it for many months, and, until last week there was no light ahead. The senior editor, upon whom the burden of decision, as well as the chief burden of labor, has necessarily rested for thirteen years, sought for counsel. One of the most faithful and ever-sustaining friends of UNITY in view of this predicament focalized the feeling of some others in the following sentences.

"Why not give up UNITY—all up. It's all you now; the helpers all tired with the long pull of years, with the road ahead just as rough the wagon just as creeky, the horses older, the weather just as bad,--nothing yet got upon solid, self supporting bases. Why not call its brave endeavor finished? Some real good to be credited to it,—its work not finished but this UNITY tool in the present UNITY hands worn out. The place vacant. Let new hands, new heads, new pockets use the chances as they will. Just withdraw; claim nothing, call it another defeat, but be glad we've done some good in our time. Think very seriously of this. Think whether in reason you can expect to carry the burdens of an old UNITY, still more of a new one, in addition to the extra duties that come to you, through your church, in your city on this Columbian ysar."

The appeal was a searching one, but UNITY dies hard because it is sustained by the vitality of a deathless principle, possessed by a cause that is to grow increasingly. Furthermore, the senior does not feel either very old or very tired, and he is accustomed, all his life, to ride in "creaky wagons, over rough roads;" lumber wagons, without a box, at that! He did not dare surrender so easily. Summoning some thirty gentlemen, those who know him and his cause, he stated to them the predicament and offered to try to abide by their decision, and then withdrew.

They promptly and unanimously "RESOLVED *that Unity must not stop*" and then they proceeded to plan for its maintainance on a broader, freer, more permanent and self-reliant basis than ever before. Steps were taken to organize a "UNITY Publishing Company" for the purpose of publishing it, and a quest started for purchasers to 150 shares of $100 each in this new company; $10 payable down, the remainder subject to assessment, which, it is hoped, will not be often necessary unless its prosperity will be so great as to make investment profitable. Ninty-four shares were guaranteed in the room before these thirty friends separated. We go to press before the articles of incorporation are returned from Springfield, so the organization is not yet completed, but its success is assured. The remaining 56 shares cannot be very far away, and we trust that this announcement will justify the vision and the hope of these gentlemen that there are others outside of Chicago who believe that UNITY's destiny is not yet completed, and that it is worth while to keep the wagon on the road even though it is a little lumbering.

So UNITY is going ahead with a clearer grip on its destiny than ever before, with three times the subscription list it had when Mr. Kerr took hold of it, with a cause of growing definiteness and clearness. In the future, more than in the past, it will try to pursue its motto of Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion. It will work for no sect, but

with all of them so long as they make for the Free Church. It will work with the Unitarian organizations, East and West, only in so far as they face the future and seek the open church of character, the creedless fellowship of truth-seekers and truth-lovers; with its nearest ally, the Western Unitarian Conference, it will work so long as it continues to push forward, and will part company with it whenever it discovers that it asks for narrow conditions of comradeship than the advancement of truth, righteousness and love in the world. UNITY, in the future, more than in the past, will seek to be the pastor of the unorganized parish that is made up of the unchurched, free minds of our country. It will seek that synthesis that will combine the progressive elements, organized and unorganized, in the Unitarian, Universalist, Progressive Judaism, Independent, Ethical Culture, Spiritualist and other organizations and individuals who are willing to meet in the great movement towards a religion of character, a Free Church.

We hope to show signs in this direction in our forth-coming numbers to which further announcements must be deferred. Suggestions are in order, but the most important of which are the endorsements we wait for in the way of prompt renewal of old subscriptions, and a large addition in the way of new ones. The World's Fair is upon us. The tax upon the senior editor, unless assistance is given him, will be such as the friend tried to avert by counseling suspension, unless the new life will warrant the employment of an assistant editor to bear the burdens of the office work. 2,000 new subscribers would make this possible. Will not our 4,000 and more friends, tried and true, see that this is promptly done? Let every one persuade another one and the thing will be accomplished.

Charles H. Kerr & Co. will continue, for the present at least, to be our printers. That firm, as will be seen from their advertisement, will continue in their business of book-making and book-publishing on an enlarged scale. They go with the blessings of UNITY and UNITY readers, and they will carry our continued good will.

All matter for the editorial department should be addressed as heretofore to the Senior Editor. All subscriptions and other business matters should be addressed to the UNITY Publishing Company, 175 Dearborn Street Chicago.

The Negro Question. A New Chance for an Old Cause.

LAST week we published an interesting appeal for a more just estimate of the moral and intellectual status of the colored men of our nation. This week we have received in a private letter from an old friend of UNITY, a valiant defender of liberty and equality on the tented field as well as in the circle of the home, the church and the state, further considerations in this same direction. His anxiety, disappointment and shame are so in accord with our own that we publish in our editorial columns the larger part of his private letter. We trust this is an opportune moment to renew the agitation. The conditions under which the incoming Presidential administration was elected, and the present political issues and outlook, lead us to hope that the political phases, of this question so far as national politics is concerned, are largely over. Politics has done its worst and its best for the negro. Now may not humanity, religion, and education, step in and in the name of justice complete the work which Abraham Lincoln and his associates, on and off the battlefield, so well began. Grover Cleveland has surprised the nation already with his independence. He has called to be his chief adviser a man whose heart is right on this great question. We will wait anxiously for further independency. If President Cleveland may not directly, through national instrumentalities, ameliorate the conditions alluded to in our communication of last week, and by our correspondent below, we trust he will be able to leave the road more open for the ethical and spiritual forces alluded to above, to travel upon. UNITY will be glad to lend itself further to the cause advocated by our friend as follows:

Being deeply interested in the welfare of our people, of all people, of our great nation organized for the people—have been much exercised on what is called the "Negro Problem of the South." In this question I take a deep interest—it may be because of my Quaker ancestry. Am greatly disturbed by the injustices and cruelties meeted out to the people of our Southern States, having black skins, and that they are deprived of so many important and necessary rights of the citizen. All of which improprieties and wrongs, against that people, seem to be carried on as a part of the policy, of the dominant or white race of that section.

At the north, we appear to be standing idly by, looking on with the utmost indifference; with a seemingly complacent indifference at these great wrongs. Why is this? Why should this state of things exist among the most progressed people of the world, in this latter part of the 19th century, among which people, that spirit has largely prevailed, which prompted the amelioration of penal codes; the more humane treatment of criminals; the better care of the insane; and has extended its influence even to the protection of the lower animals, ameliorated the condition of all the unfortunates, white people mainly, and the dumb brutes who serve man—all except the down-trodden negro, of the south states, men and women, our fellow citizens; but unfortunately, the all-wise Father, in his wisdom, gave them a black skin. Does not this discreditable State of things, in the north states, come from an inherited prejudice against the negro?

In 1833 the prejudice against the negro was so great, the people of Connecticut would not permit negro children to receive the school education of that day, The power of Church and State was brought against Prudence Crandall, a Quaker woman, at Canterbury, in that State, to prevent her from teaching a class of Negro girls. That prejudice, has continued all along the years, since that time, gradually, *but very slowly* losing its intensity to the present time, but still, sufficiently prominent to cause, in a great measure, that indifference, at the north, to the wrongs suffered by the Southern Negro.

In the past quarter of a century, during which these wrongs have been a prominent feature in the south, little or no efforts have been made, in behalf of that suffering people, except in a limited degree in the way of educating them. No voice is raised, condemning these outrages, the serious wrongs continually occurring, during that period; except, here and there a noble soul, a broadminded, courageous man, has spoken out in thundering tones, as from the mountain top. But, their utterances in the cause of humanity, of right and justice to these Negro people, seem to have passed away almost unheeded; like a mist before the morning sun, hardly moistening that thick-skinned prejudice against those people.

Several years ago, the Rev. Judson Tits, worth, of Milwaukee, delivered an address on Profit Sharing. The jist of his lecture, as reported was the embodiment of the Golden Rule—He laid much stress in his efforts for the laboring men, on the biblical admonition of doing unto others as you would have them do unto you. Why, is not that Golden Rule just as applicable to the down-trodden colored man as to the white laborer? Why, are there not ministers and others in prominent places all over the north, doing for the colored man, who is much more needy, less able to help himself, what Mr. Titsworth and others do for the white laborer. Can it be that they too are effected by this blight of prejudice? Perhaps, it is asking more than should be asked, of ministers generally in the Evangelical Churches; their main duty, seemingly, is that of saving souls after death. But as the liberal ministry is not engaged in that kind of work, are laboring for the elevation, the betterment of souls on this earth—for the best life hell. Why is it not in the line of their duty, as well as of the liberal papers, to teach, to educate, to remove that disgraceful prejudice—teach the application of the Golden Rule towards that much wronged people.

Contributed and Selected.

New Tendencies in Religious Thought.*

For about three hundred years the Presbyterian people have looked upon their creed as absolutely unassailable. Every good Presbyterian bent his neck to it, as every Frenchman once did to the Bastile. Under the sway of the Westminster Catechism the Presbyterian church, one of the noblest and most philanthropic in christendom, heedless of the "Zeit-Geist," has been taking its time from the old clock in Geneva, which has stopped going for 300 years. For three centuries and more this catechism has walked into every Presbyterian meeting-house, taken its place upon every platform, looked down with its phantom-like eyes upon speaker and hearer, wedged its way into every council and assembly, and blown out with its breath every ray and promise of a new thought. But happily the Presbyterians, too, have discoverd that, after all, this catechism is only a creed and not religion, Calvinism and not Christianity. The thought that the living mind of man is a more sacred and a more trustworthy medium for the reception and expression of the "God that is," than any rigorously formulated dogma, has at last dawned upon all the churches. While the very conservative disciples of Calvin regret the change, the younger generation is glad and grateful.

Had we been living in a theological age, this broadening of one of the oldest sects would have attracted greater attention than it does now; but we live in a practical age.

Questions of right and wrong, of justice and charity, the industrial problems, the political and economic conditions—in one word, ethical interests are uppermost in our age. In the light of the questions of every day life the puzzling queries of theology appear barren. In Nice, in Ephesus, in Chalcedon, in Constantinople, in Trent, in Heidelberg, in Augsberg, in Westminster in London, great assemblies and councils met to discuss purely speculative doctrines. Frequently they were guarded in their deliberations by the militia, and sometimes these synods lasted for weeks and months, and then dispersed, having failed to agree about a word, or even a punctuation mark. How the world has progressed! The cry for a creed that shall be orthodox is weak and faint in our day, when contrasted with the universal demand for a character that shall be unimpeachable. "Deed above Creed," are the words which flame across the banner folds of our generation.

The first doubts are suggested by one's heart, not by one's head; this has been the method of progr The heart is the earliest to r against the thought of a god of geance and a hereafter of fla When we become interested in charities of life, in the needs sufferings of humanity; when undertake reformatory work and down into the reeking slums of c and up to the garrets to help, heal, and soothe, and bless our fe creatures, the Calvinistic image God ceases to be an inspiring id The heart, therefore, has entere protest against the barbarian ceptions of the past, and as in e battle so in this, the heart will

But what is sad about the pre heresy trials in the church is the originators of the movement us their principal aim is to harm ize the creed, not with the bro moral sentiments and principles, with the Bible. From the rati point of view, the Bible is one the grandest of the creations of m but the orthodox view of the B makes of it a fetish. The si phrase, "Is it biblical?" has ma difference of a thousand years in progress of the world. Is the B one thing in Geneva in 1841 another in New York in 1893? it catholic in Rome and protes in New England? Is it the book of the puritan in the se teenth century and the author progressive orthodoxy in the n teenth? The Bible must help rea not dominate it. An idea may biblical and be false; it may be and not biblical. This is the lesson which the theological refor must learn. No amount of hig criticism can fit the Westmin Confession of Faith to enter kingdom of light; it must be b again.

I am not yet persuaded to cha my conviction that when a cle man or a layman outgrows the cr of his church he ought to say so, having said so, he ought to w draw. A mental and moral br between the preacher and the his ical doctrines of his sect ought t followed by an ecclesiastical sep tion. But it is said that it is duty to remain and reform the chu Before we reform the church it necessary that we ourselves bec reformed.

Again, it is extremely difficult a man to remain in the pulpit o church, the creed of which ceased to command his fullest spect, and still use his largest f dom and his best thought.

Once more, the preacher who outgrown his creed, but still we its badge and ministers at its alt does not count for a power in movement of illumination. His p tion is not clear, and with all biguity there is weakness. Neit the thorough-going liberal nor thorough-going radical can cl him. Everyone before entering ministry should ask himself three questions of Theodore Park

1. "Can you seek for what eternally true, and not be blin by the opinions of any sect, or the Christian church; and can tell that truth you learn, even wh it is unpopular and hated?" I swered, "I can!" Rash youth is e confident.

2. "Can you seek the eter right, and not be blinded by statutes and customs of men, ec siastical, political, and social; can you declare that eternal ri you discover, applying it to actual life of man, individual associated, though it bring you painful relations of men?" Aga swiftly answered, "I can."

3. "Can you represent in y life that truth of the intellect

* Extract from Lecture of M.M. Mangasarian, delivered before the Ethical Culture Society, at the Grand Opera House, in Chicago, January, 29, 1893.

t right of the conscience, and so t disgrace with your character at you preach with your lips?" t I answered, "I CAN TRY, AND ILL!"

In order to be perfectly truthful— d we miss all if we miss the truth, miss even the truth if we do t speak it in love—let me say that lvinism, though hard, and cruel, s inspired and sustained some of e bravest efforts in behalf of free- m and justice. Out of this fearful diæval creed sprung the spiritual luences which have redeemed rope from materialism and the holic hierarchy. The Mohamme- ns, too, were fatalists, yet for 400 ars they were the intellectual lords Europe. But Calvinism is con- mned by its best and most scholarly lowers, because it outrages the oral and religious sense of human- . "I had rather be an atheist," says con, "than believe in a God who vours his children." It is better have no faith at all than to carry the soul the image of a god who n be supposed to have sanctioned e massacre of Saint Bartholomew, that he made a single creature rposely for hell fire forever and er.

The fundamental reform which the urch stands in need of is not theo- gical. The idea that there is mething better than goodness, mething of more worth than per- nal purity and righteousness, and t man can be saved, not by his aracter, but by faith in a dogma— s is the fundamental moral error the popular creeds. The clergy ve confounded religion with dog- . Let the enlightened laity re- ore religion to life. M. Desjardin, France, has organized a society der the name "L' Union pour L' tion Morale," the avowed purpose which is to push to the front the ings which unite men, and keep in e background whatever inspires tagonism and division. May it our aim to organize a fraternity ich shall include all truth-loving d truth-living people of the globe. is is the religion we need in nerica.

Washington's Religion.

Now that the birthday of the illus- ous Washington is being com- emorated throughout this great public, every thing about The ther of the Nation is of interest. 'hat was the faith of this great nerican is, in these days of disrup- on of creeds, an interesting question. at he discarded the sectarian creeds beyond question, and was a broad- inded humanitarian of the Emerson- n school is evident. Prof. John E. emsburg has collated facts which ncisely show Washington to have en of the school referred to. he following are some of the facts: In 1831 Rev. Dr. Willson a noted piscopal divine of Albany, N. Y., eached a sermon in which he al- ded to Washington as an unbeliever Christianity. The sermon was blished in the "*The Daily Adver- ser*" of that city, and Robert Dale wen, then a young man, called to e Rev. Willson in regard to the atement. Rev. Willson said: "As conceive that truth is truth, whether is for us or against us, I will not onceal from you any information on e subject, even such as I have not iven to the public." The Rev. Villson then gave information gath- red from personal friends of Wash- ngton and other sources, which fully onvinced Mr. Owen that the state- ent in Rev. Mr. Willson's sermon as true beyond a doubt. The latter aid: "I have perused every line that Vashington ever gave to the public, nd I do not find one expression in hich he pledges himself as a be- liever in Christianity. I think any man who will candidly do as I have done, will come to the conclusion that he was a Deist and nothing more." The closing years of Washington's life, save the last two, were passed in Philadelphia, he being then President. While there, he attended the Episcopal church, of which Rev. Dr. Abercrombie was rector, and who was intimately acquainted with Washington, and probably knew as much about his religious opinions as any person. Rev. Dr. Abercrombie emphatically declared on being questioned, that, "Washington was a Deist." Rev. Theodore Parker said of Washington: "He was more moral than pious. In early life a certain respect for ecclesiastical forms made him vestry man at two churches . . . in the latter years of his life I suppose his theological opinions were those of John Adams, Dr. Franklin, and Thomas Jefferson, only he was not a speculative man, and did not care to publish them to the world."

"TRUTH."

Wausau, O., Feb. 22, 1893.

Correspondence.

EDITOR UNITY:—While I am heartily in sympathy with the principles inculcated by the Unitarian church, the idea of excluding all old names in the organization of a church has been a problem on which I have studied and been anxious to get some light, and I am very glad to get the *pros* and *cons* through UNITY. I have been almost convinced for some time that the course of the Tacoma church is the right one; and the more I study and think about it, the more I think so. I have concluded that this is the only way to perfect and bring about a united brotherhood, for the only thing that separates many liberal churches is the name, and you can never expect other churches to drop their name and take that of Unitarian. For instance, the Universalist church would no more drop its name and take that of the Unitarian than the Unitarian would drop its name and take the Universalist name, but it is possible that both might drop their name and unite under a new name, and I am fully persuaded that this is the only way that unity (which we all so much desire) can ever be brought about. I asked an intelligent life-long Universalist what the difference was between the belief of their church and that of the Unitarian and she says none that I know of as between the progressive Unitarian and the progressive Universalist. She says of course there are yet living some old Universalists that hold to the Trinity as taught by the orthodox churchs. "Well then," said I, "why do you not merge into the Unitarian church in your town instead of trying to struggle along with so small a church?" "Well", she replied, there is so much that is dear in the name, the persecutions and trials we have had to endure in bygone years, that it would seem like cutting off so much that is near and dear to us. Why, I was once turned out of school, forced out by three stout men for no other reason than that I was a Univeralist, and one of them was a deacon in the M. E. church." So you see there is something dear even in a name, and thus it no doubt appeared to the venerable Cotton Mather and he thought it a terrible calamity because he could not be allowed to put all the heretics to death in compliance with his infallible Holy Scripture," Thou shall not suffer a heretic to live." But after all are not those things more in the imagination than anything else? It is not necessary because a name is dropped to abandon any of the principles inculcated under that name; and is it not principels after all that should concern us more than names? Another reason is that so few outside the church understand what "Unitarian" stands for, thinking it merely another sect similar to Baptist, etc., while many members of other churches have but little conception of, or realize its true meaning. As an illustation, one good orthodox lady said to me, "Why, the Unitarian church has taken away my Jesus and I know not where they have laid Him." So you see those names are associated with much that it is misunderstood. Let us take a new name, so there cannot be trailing to it any of the misconceptions of the past, and the only thing they can know about the new church will be by investigation. I feel confident that many western churches would follow the example of the Tacoma, but that their existence as a church depends on the help of the A. U. A. which would of course be cut off. It is not a surprise that the ministry oppose a movement of this kind (as the priest-hood always have) fearing it might to some extent curtail their opportunity: but in this I think they have no reason to fear. Should All Souls church of Chicago make a move of this kind there will be many more to follow, and may God hasten the day when not even a name can be an obstacle to seekers after righteousness.

B. A. P.

Forest City, Iowa.

The Immigration Question.

"I have just read that admirable sermon on this subject by Rev. F. W. N. Hugenholtz. Admirable I say, because it reveals a noble and generous nature, and a disposition that is, in a large degree, common to the American people, and worthy of our highest commendation. While I heartily agree that our present attitude as a nation is very humiliating, to say the least of it, I think our Reverend friend has hardly made a full presentation of the case.

Thirty or forty years ago we were inclined to think that "Uncle Sam's neighbors," referred to, had very unwisely allowed the big boys, (*i.e.* the elder sons) to run affairs pretty much to their own liking. They took possession of all the best lands and natural resources, secured all the high offices, and disfranchised their weaker brethren, and then very generously allowed them the privilege of living in their service, giving them in return but a small part of the good things produced.

Our generous "uncle" offered the small boys a chance to make men of themselves, and, encouraged them in every way he could.

The neighbor's big boys then proposed that the big boys in our county should combine as *they* did, secure large tracts of the best lands including the mineral and timber resources, get control of all the offices, and proceed to business by giving the little boys a chance. They also offered greater inducements to the "little boys" over the sea to work for them.

Then also some of the big boys came over and took a share of the land and "made large investments" for themselves. Just what they gave in return for the great privileges that were granted them has never been apparent, though it is evident that the old man showed them the same favor that he did to his own sons. Indeed he seemed to give them a more cordial welcome than to the small boys.

Now the big boys of both families, having the "Offices," as well as the natural resources of the farm, began to do "business" on the same plan adopted over the sea. They first put on a Protective tariff to make high prices, and ostensibly to make high wages, though for that matter wages had always been uncommonly high. Very soon goods accumulated enormously, but at such prices there could be no foreign market for them. "Over-production" was the result. Labor ceased, the "small boys" were discharged. As prices had been so high it had taken all their wages to pay for food, clothing and rent. Consequently, when there was no more work, they were likely to be turned into the street to starve—they with their wives and children, for during these years the little boys had grown to be men, and many of them like the Son of Man 19,000 years ago, had not where to lay their heads. During all this time the little boys across the water, are being urged, with the same unprecedented allurements to come here. Isn't it pretty near the time to "call a halt?" And why should we "draw the line" excluding the "maimed, the halt, the blind," the helpless—the only class the big brothers could find no possible use for?

Please don't mistake me for some misguided partisan, I accept no party label. I am only an

American Citizen,

Pierce City, Mo.

The Study Table.

The under-mentioned books will be mailed, postage free upon receipt of the advertised price, by William R. Hill, Bookseller, 5 and 7 East Monroe St., Chicago.

THE February number of *Current Topics*, the second number of a magazine already referred to in these columns, contains a portrait of President Harper, an article on "Municipal Government" by I. K. Boyesen, Dr. Hirsch's address on Ernest Renan, an article on "The Religious Exhibit of the World's Fair" by Dr. Barrows, a poem by Will Carleton, and other readable material. One will look far for more good reading for a dollar a year than this magazine offers.

"TOBACCO, THE SECOND INTOXICANT" now published in pamphlet form, uniform with "A New Help for the Drunkard," contains the following prefatory note, in which our readers will be interested.

Some friends who listened to the delivery of this discourse regretted the allusion in it to the "Keeley remedies," feeling that it was "beneath the dignity of the pulpit" to go, as they said, "into the advertising business," whatever the merits of the thing advertised might be. I am happy to know that this apparent violation of good taste has been more or less directly instrumental in liberating from the dire thrall of the unclean habit three gentlemen whom I well know and much respect. High n character, persistent in usefulness, two of them ministers of religion. One of these gentlemen, at least, submitted himself to the Keeley remedies in the coolest scientific spirit, determined not to wage the old moral battle of will, in which in previous attempts he had been worsted. He did not expect to give up his cigar unless the desire for it left also. I shall be glad to give the names of either or all of these gentlemen to any one who seeks his liberty from the tyrannical habit.

My object in the publishing, as in the delivery, of this sermon is a very practical and not an esthetic one. The canons of "good taste" I am willing to violate if thereby I may the more directly increase the amount of clean living in the world.

J. Ll. J.

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

In the family are more often the result of *disordered digestion* than most people know.

BEECHAM'S PILLS *will keep peace in a family*, by curing Sick Headache, Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Disordered Liver, Constipation and all Bilious and Nervous Disorders arising from these causes.

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Church Door Pulpit.

No Sex in Crime.*

By Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her. * * * Woman, where are they? did no man condemn thee? And she said, No man, Lord. And Jesus said, Neither do I condemn thee; go thy way; from henceforth sin no more.—St. John, viii, 7-11.

I, who am no longer young, have long waited the coming of the gray hairs that would justify plain speech concerning the shameful barbarism of modern life in regard to the most pathetic, most neglected, most sinned aginst, least helped because least understood class of society—the women whom divine love has tricked, to whom the angel from heaven, become a black devil from hell; whether from lack of wisdom, or in default of justice, woh can tell? The strong and divine instinct of maternity has goaded them, and in their weakness and blindness they have clutched the shadow and missed the substance; asking for bread they have received a stone; the fish has proved a serpent. There was one who said, "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven, for she loved much. "But to whom little is forgiven the same loveth little." But I dare not pronounce upon the bounds of sin, or measure the consequences thereof. Who may presume to say where weakness ends and crime begins? Fix who can, the line between sickness and wickedness; between the passion that blights and the passion that lifts; between love and lust; between life and death. These distinctions exist. There is a point where the one passes into the other. We know them at their extremes. But well may the human mind stand awed into humility in the presence of this mighty passion that reaches, at the one end, into the home, at the other, into the brothel; which rises at one point into the sweet happiness of the mother, whose babe is the delight of her days, the hope of her years, whom she holds up proudly in the sunlight, bidding all the world note her pride, her joy, her crown of glory, her badge of purity, while again it reaches into the dark chambers of shame and grief, leading one who is no less a mother to receive, with terror and the agonies of despair, the child of love, no less curiously wrought, its little limbs as marvelously rounded, its cheek as delicately moulded, its eye reflecting the same mysteries, and its mouth playing with the same smiles. She prays for perpetual midnight and welcomes hospitable death, quaffs the poison as nectar, and courts the cold waves as downy pillows. There is a difference between Magdalen and Mary, but who dares presume to say where the one ends and the other begins? I know not the subtile chemistry of soul, but I dare not ignore the fact that it is impossible to measure the life of the one without compassing with the measuring-string the other. They are sister, both allied to something perennial, and the tie which binds them to that common destiny is love.

If we may not thus separate by impassable boundaries one woman from another, how much less dare we discriminate between those who are equal partners in the disgrace or the triumph, equal partakers of the bliss or the shame! If, at the upward end, the father is to share the wealth with the mother, then must it be that at the other end, the father should share the disgrace, the burden, the responsibility with the mother.

*A Sermon preached in All Souls Church, Chicago, Jan. 25th, 1893, by Jenkin Lloyd Published by the Congregation.

We hear much these days of class distinctions. There is an earnest protest, a righteous indignation, at the galling classifications which divide those who ought to walk together. We deplore the artificial barriers that separate the poor from the wealthy, the intelligent from the ignorant, the toiler from him who thrives by this toil. This is the age when the distinctions of creed, race, and social rank are being minimized and destroyed. We are beginning to recognize that saintliness is not a gift of the church; that intelligence is not necessarily the boon of the colleges; and happiness and grace are not peculiar to the creatures of fashionable society. But all this leaves the most grievous distinction unremedied, the cruel division untouched. Man, by right of his brawn, still retains the barbarous pre-eminence, inherited from a savage ancestry with whom might made right and muscular superiority carried regal prerogatives. In the exercise of this disreputable and shameful right, the guilty man walks with unbowed head and unblanched cheek on our boulevards. He is welcomed into elegant homes; he sits in the cushioned pews of our fashionable churches; he is entrusted with the love of pure women; knows, perhaps the joys of a happy home; while at this very time, she who was once the partner of his folly, fellow victim of a common passion, and who, perhaps even at the present time, ekes out a precarious living by a blighting merchandise, must shun the light of day, be denied the confidences of society and religion, be an outcast confined to a territory to enter which is to cease to be reputable.

I do not say that the mistakes of youth should forever thwart that man's instincts of virtue or his aspirations for domestic and religious joys and privileges. All I do say is, that if he is eligible to them, his partner in crime, his companion in weakness, should be eligible in the same way, and on the same conditions. I do not say that woman may not, with her own hands, have brought upon herself the ignominy and the digrace which society visits upon her poor, unprotected head. All I say is that if she deserves it, he deserves it more because he went into the contest of life with a tremendous advantage. Physically, socially, and, in the majority of cases, intellectually, was her superior. For the human leopard, like the spotted quadruped from which he has drawn a part of his ancestral blood, satisfies his beastly hunger, not upon his equal in years, in rank, or in intelligence, but upon the unsophisticated, the plastic and unarmed, and often times unbefriended. He who is very particular with whom he associates in the social glare of daylight, wooes an easy and dependent victim under cover of the darkness. The cry of the day should be that such a man must share in even justice with his partner the penalties of their partnership, be it one of love or of lust.

In a talk with our chief of police recently, he confessed the impossibility, at the present time, of wholly suppressing prostitution in this city. The most that could be done, he said, was to keep it within certain prescribed bounds by giving over certain sections of the city as leper-spots and hedging them round with police officers. Very well, if these women are to be thus corraled, will there not come a time when in the name of justice, there shall be a moral round-up that will throw a cordon around their customers. Every now and then our papers tell of a nerveless spasm of virtue on the part of the police force. It is generally when business is dull at the police courts, and more fees are desirable. At such times the names and localities are given of the women who have been "pulled", as the phrase goes. Who has ever heard of their finding men in those houses, or finding them, have they ever given their names to the public? Talk of "fallen women!" Let it be known before high heaven that for every such a one, there stalks somewhere a "*fallen man*," and, in the name of justice, he should at least be held as equal partner in the transaction. I would not pursue him with the ignominy that is now visited upon her to whom he once spoke honeyed words; in whose smiles he basked, and whose heart his endearments filled with that trustfulness, that adoration that would be so absurd, silly and unwarranted were it not so human, aye, so closely related with what is divine. But I would let this woman, endowed with a spirit as elastic, as buoyant, as aspiring, to say the least, as the man's, have his chance to recover, by profiting by the mistakes of the past; to rise like the man 'on the Pauline ladder' of "forgetting the things that are behind, pressing forward to the things that are before." Progress to her, as to him, must come by what Frederic Robertson called the "oblivion of the past." There is a wretched phrase, much in vogue, concerning the recklessness and debauchery of young men. They go off to college, and when they return, their young lady friends coquettishly reproach them with "sowing wild oats." Indulgent mothers cheer themselves with the reflection that it is "only sowing a few wild oats," and hopeful fathers confidently smile and say:

"They'll get over it. They'll know more after awhile." Whatever truth there is in this philosophy of "wild oats" is as applicable to their companions in this seed sowing, and whatever redemptive influences are available to the young men are applicable to the young women. If they, too, do not come up chastened, tutored, perhaps redeemed by atoning good deeds, like the young men, it is not because God does not send his messengers of shame to plead with the one as with the other; not because the soul of one does not sicken over the dregs in the bottom of the cup as the other. It is not because holy ideals, the white wings of the angel of purity do not woo the one as the other and haunt the inner chambers of both souls in the hours of their wildest revelry, tugging at the heart with an attraction as persistent, as universal as the laws of gravitation, but because a cruel barbarity lurks in the heart of her sister woman who shuns her, who kills her by her disbelief, stabs her with the poisoned stiletto of skepticism which refuses even to hope for her. She is prevented from rising by the savage lust of man, whose pitying eyes are too often changed to lustful ones, while the very hand offered to help her leads her not to independence, but to another dependence paralyzing, ignominious. I say she is kept down, notwithstanding an inward possibility of rising; kept down by grim and cruel circumstances, by human environment which is a survival of barbarism, a relic of savagery, an ignorance so dense that it is scarcely conscious of her existence, a Christianity so un-Christ-like that it becomes a parody on the gospel, a libel upon the Master. In the name of these poor, deluded, entangled and ensnared girls, in whom the divinest gift of God is fast working their destruction, and the wine of life has been changed to vinegar by man to whom they sacrificed the virgin lily of purity, I ask not for charity nor pity, but even-handed and, if need be, strong-handed, justice. If severity is necessary, let the well-directed blow first be planted between the eyes of the man, wh to the weakness of the flesh, has add the more damning weakness of spir cowardice. Then if need be, w the same fist lay low the gen creature whose most hopeless fa lies in her simplicity, the foolis ness that confided in the man. The is nothing more mawkish and profitable than the kid-glove pity your satin-wrapped virtue for t hunted women whose real lives unmasked occasionally by the pol men. Tear off the wrappings fr this avenue virtue; let the nakedn of the place of shame be cloth with the velvets of respectabil and the protection and power t money gives and God alone can dr the nice distinctions.

In this connection I asked t woman who has more to do w what we call the criminal classes our city than any other woman wi in our limits, what I should say day. She, who by judgment, sy pathy and official position is broug into daily contact with these wee ing sisters of yours and mine who existence you would ignore, fr whom you turn with loathing, tal the words out of my mouth; s speaks as one with authority; s says:

"Deeper than any need recognized by char in general lies the need of a justice that as 'What place, what right, have this man this woman on earth, where we are walk side by side? How shall I help th to that place? How shall I teach them to kn it, when it opens before them?'

"When we have learned to answer this qu tion, there will be fewer institutions—for members will stand waiting to fill them; there will be less need for "palaces of pleasur for men and women will have found that 'gate beautiful' is within their own souls, that earth and sky—nay, the universe itsel makes the palace—Yes, indeed, we have enough of charity—All that is needed nov simple justice."

My friend is right; all we ne here or anywhere is justice. He men's faith in God has increased these later years is proved by t growth of this passion for justic this trust in it. A short time a Christendom was groveling up its knees, begging the Almighty save it from justice. But the po untutored girl breaks from her si environments in the brothel, fle from the injustice of men and haste into the arms of the justice of Go Like Mildred Tresham in that go pel drama of Robert Browning, s knows she is "good enough for Go though the world casts her out.

She "dares approach that Heaven
Which has not bade a living thing despair,
Which needs no code to keep its grace fr
stain,
But bids the vilest worm that turns on it
Desist and be forgiven."

And when the poor soul has pass over the "bridge of sighs," ev men and women, blinded by selfis ness, with eyes dimmed by conve tionalities and pride, stoop over t wilted lily, the matchless flower creation, a woman's perfect body, a say as haughty Tresham said of t fallen boy:

'I see thro'
The troubled surface of his crime and yours
A depth of purity immovable!
Had I but glanced where all seemed turbid
Had gleamed some inlet to the calm beneath

Yes, justice is what we wan Justice is not the grim cruelty, t mailed hand of Calvinism which was once thought to be, but justi is fair play; justice is divine rec oning of all the elements in the a count; justice wears the benigna face of the lover of men, who, wi kindness, stands above the humbl form of a love-entangled woma keeps back the enraged arrogance Pharisaic virtue and says: "Let hi that is without sin among you ca the first stone." Justice takes in account the most pathetic wail th I know of in literature, the wail a hundred thousand Mildreds th goes to-day out of houses upon whi

he praying world calls down male-liction:

"I was so young—I loved him so—I had
No mother—God forgot me—and I fell."

Justice remembers, with another uffering soul of Robert Browning's reation, that "No crowd makes up or parents in their shroud"

Justice, calm, clear-eyed justice, aw-abiding, science-guided, is the ery Sandalphon who listens to all he sobbing Mildreds.

"And he gathers the prayers as he stands,
And they change into flowers in his hands,
Into garlands of purple and red;
And beneath the great arch of the portal,
Through the streets of the City Immortal
Is wafted the fragrance they shed."

Let me not idealize; we need not o into the fields of literature for llustration of this principle. Here s an extract from the pages of one f the reports of the Protective gency here in Chicago, the society hat carries this gospel of justice nto the police courts, stands eside the outraged girl and becomes visible vengeance of the Almighty o the proud trampler on woman's irtue; a society than which I know f none in the city more worthy to e called the church of Christ, the ociety of Jesus.

"My only regret is that here, the ast place where the sex line should e drawn, it obtrudes itself, and we ave a "Bureau of Justice" for men nd a "Protective Agency" for women. Why not stand together in rotesting and protecting for Justice's sake?"

"In yonder hospital a young girl awaits the swift-coming birth pangs in pitiful terror. The old story, seduction under promise of marriage—and an attempt, by his assistance, to destroy the fruit of sin—forsaken!

In answer to my question, 'Why not go home?' she replied with streaming tears, 'Oh, dare not, I have no mother; she might forgive me, my step-mother never would.'

And where, meanwhile, is the father of the unwelcome child, resting beneath this breaking heart? In one of the most influential firms in this city, received as kindly as of yore, careless, heartless, utterly irresponsive to appeals made to him by ladies of our society, who visited him at different times to urge him to redeem his promise and marry this poor trusting girl and legitimize their child.

'He needn't live with me if he don't want to, but I can go to my father's house if I am only married,' she said, piteously."

Let the story be continued to the end as is the habit of earth to-day. Of course there will be no marriage, no restitution; the man will be, perhaps is now, the trusted head of the firm; a man whose "credit" is good at the bank.—Ah, what sarcasm there is in language. How many discreditable things men do in order to keep their "credit" good! The woman, here this, very likely, has received the full blow of her father's indignation, and her little "silly life", as men measure it, has probably gone out in sobs clinging, it may be, to baby fingers till in death. But what then? Which is the more enviable, this business man with a palace on the boulevard, or that girl in hell here, if still alive—in hell there if orthodox theology be true? Whose place would you prefer to take? This is the way Stopford Brooke, the biographer of Frederick Robertson and one of the most spiritual of London's preachers, puts the same question:

"Three men went out one summer night;
No care had they, or aim.
They drank and said, 'Ere we go home
To-night, we'll have a game.'

Three girls began that summer night
A life of endless shame,
And ran through drink, disease and death
Swift as a racing flame;

Homeless and lawless, loathed they died,
Rich, honored, praised, the men;
But when they all shall meet with God,
And Justice speaks, what then?"

But I may be begging the very question at issue. The prevalent opinion is that woman is unlike man in her power to recover. Men fall to rise again. Women fall to rise no more, and your silken elegance justifies itself by saying, "It's of no use; it has been tried over and over again. You cannot mend a broken pitcher. Woman once lost is always lost." This is poor philosphy and poorer history. It is the twaddle and nonsense which we have inherited from that coarse and licentious thing known in history as "chivalry" during whose time man wore a woman as he did a rose in his buttonhole, a passing decoration, expecting it soon to wither, and when withered to be thrown aside.

A few years ago it was maintained that there was sex in intellect. Some few fogies may think so yet. Decorative seminaries for girls, colleges for boys; female colleges for women, Universities for men. But in these latter years women at Cornell, Ann Arbor, Oxford, and all the great seats of learning, are coming forward, holding their own, and carrying off a full share of the honors. This leads men to think of Hypatia, Madame de Stael, Mrs. Browning, George Eliot, and others, and they are beginning to suspect that there is no sex in intellect.

Men still think that there is sex in courage. The valor of the battlefield is not for woman, hence she may not vote. But the Women's Commissioners for the World's Fair for the state of New York are collecting evidences of woman's heroism. The report will be a thrilling one. It will tell of Lady Dundonald, who, when her husband's sailors abandoned their guns in the face of the red hot shot of the enemy, quietly took the torch and fired the guns the men had abandoned. It will tell of the 280 peasant women of Switzerland who, under the lead of Martha Glaz, in 1898, met the French invaders and defended their homes until 180 of them lay dead and the others more or less wounded. It will tell of Grace Darling, Florence Nightingale, Dorothy Dix and Sister Gertrude. It will tell of the poor ballet dancer in New York known only as "No. 17," who fainted away at her task from sheer starvation, all her meager salary being spent in keeping two dependent little sisters alive. It will tell of little Mamie Corrigan of New York city, who left school at ten years of age that she might earn a living for herself and invalid mother, spending her day at the store where she got two dollars a week, and at night doing the sewing, washing, ironing and cooking for the family. Surely there is no sex in heroism.

Can there be, then, sex in crime? Ask those who have most to do with them, and see if there is not, among these women, gentleness, fidelity, loyalty, even to the tyrants who bind them closer and closer to degradation. They only dread them as embodiments of all that is evil and coarse, who have never known them, never tried to help them; who think of them only as they do of sheep—in flocks—and would handle them as the farmer does his wheat—in bundles and with pitch-forks. The inspector of Matrons in the police stations of this city, who last year had to do with 17,203 women prisoners in Chicago, gives glad testimony of their loving, not to say lovable, qualities. She is not afraid of them. To know them, their sorry temptation, their hopeless battle with poverty, passion and rum, is to make her feel what Richard Baxter, the interpreter of saints, used to say whenever he saw a felon on his way to the gallows: "There goes Richard Baxter, were it not for the grace of God." During the last war when a passenger train to the front was attacked and derailed by guerrillas, the wives of officers, the reputable women, fled to the woods, screaming and fainting, while the disreputable women who were being carried to the front by greedy speculators, human ghouls bent on trafficking in human souls, disrobed themselves of their under garments, tore them into bandages and bound up the bleeding wounds of the mangled ones. During the yellow fever panic at Memphis, when "Christian" women and men fled in dire consternation, many so-called "abandoned" women saw their duty and did not abandon it; faced the terror and became the most diligent, skillful and unflinching helpers of the health committee.

If you ask me to show proof of the redemptive possibilities in these sinning, and more sinned against sisters, the first answer is that more of these women, spite of all difficulties, do succeed in climbing up through sin and shame, into sanity and health, than any human records can ever take note of. We talk of "fallen" women, and think of them as a procession of those who have walked the highway of life until they come to the decline, where they trip and slip downwards. We forget the overwhelming numbers who were born down there lower than where they now are; who never knew any other home except that of the brothel or its immediate vicinity; who before they "knew what honor was, had lost theirs." These girls, the children of brutality, tulored by kicks and cuffs, reach upwards through the refinements of crime, and many of them pass upward through the gilded palaces into a home-life superior at least to that from which they came.

Is it possible to reform these girls? Ask the Salvation Army, which has extended to them a hand ungloved with aristocrasy or Phariseeism, and has brought to them a simple religion of sobriety and repentance, unrimmed by dogmas and unshackled by forms. Ask any worker who has met them on their own plane. I appeal from the inhumanity of the church and the preacher in this matter, to the humanity of the bench and the policemen. Commend to me the justice of the law and its representatives in regard to this most abused of all class in Christendom, rather than the hard-heartedness of the refined and the pious of polite society. And this is the second reason why more of them do not reform, because society will not let them, the so-called good people will not touch them. What is the best thing we have to offer that distracted and deceived girl with her babe? An "Erring Woman's Home" behind bars, locked doors and guarded portals! And if, as was the case a while ago, in this city, an incipient fire should throw the door open temporarily and some should make their escape into the free world of God, they would be hunted and brought back like criminals and foes of society. Meanwhile, what have we for the deceiver, the father of the child? An open way into any home if he has money and a prosperous business. If he be a banker he may woo the best and sweetest girl in the city. He is eligible to the office of church-warden, the dispenser of charities, to aldermanic honors or the mayor's chair. The difference to-day is this: The few of these women who win their way back to respectability, do so by the way of reform, while their companions in crime hold or win their respectability without reforming. I believe there are more abandoned men than abandoned women in this city to-day, but who talks of them? Who even stops to think that they need to be saved? The assumption is that they are all right anyhow. There recently came into my hands though a curious circuit, an invitation issued by a whiskey house in one of the most respectable business localities in our city, to attend an art opening of original European paintings, twelve in number, all but two of them Salon pictures painted by eminent artists, the total valuation of the collection being put at $250,000. They were pictures in themselves probably worthy and desirable, but presenting one phase in the question of the nude in art unlooked for by those who discuss it. These pictures harmless, nay, probably beautiful and elevating, each of them in and of itself, were gathered there for the exclusive delight, not of the besotted and the drunken, not for the eyes of woman, pure or impure. This elegantly printed card was not issued for the unlettered or the toilers, but for the silk-stockinged respectability, the sumptuous men of wealth and luxury who leave their homes and go there to feed their grosser natures with wine and idle talk of women. Far away from this point is located the acknowledged gilded palace of sin. What will you call this, within a stone's throw of our court-house.

A few weeks ago the police of Pittsburg by order of the mayor urged on by the ministers, professed teachers of the gospel of Jesus, drove over a hundred of these poor unfortunate women, the more criminal the more unfortunate, out into the cold without notice, without protection, and tried to hunt them outside the city limits as boys hunt rabbits on Thanksgiving Day. These poor unfortunates beseiged the City hall, and all the Mayor dared say was:—"The Ministers demanded it and I could not help myself". They stormed the door of the Minister leading in the Crusade, they begged and swore at him, he ordered them away and called the policeman.

Was there no possessor of a New Testament in that city to cry "Hold," and say, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone?" Was there nobody there to round up the patrons of these women; and compel them, men and women, to go out arm in arm if they must go out? But all the evidences would indicate that there would not have been women enough to go round. A wave of indignation swept over the country and seemed to find its best expression in the earnest and righteous protest of Chief of Police Crowley, of the city of San Francisco. He said, in the *Examiner* of that city:

"The ordinary run of fallen women who have been cured of their illusions by experience, become sick, despairingly sick, of the life. And when they do reform they are very likely to stay reformed. It will surprise most people to hear it, but it is my judgment—and after all the years I've been Chief of Police I ought to know something about it—it's my judgment that 75 per cent of such women would gladly return to respectability if a means of livelihood offered. * * * Considering how easy it is to save men, and especially women who've gone wrong—considering that so many could be got back into the right track if only they were offered an opportunity to work and through work to escape from their old surroundings and associates—it always fills me with wonder and sadness and some anger that so little is done to help them in this city."

This led, particularly in that city, to an earnest canvass of the subject by the newspapers and others. The revelation was heart-rending. One woman told the old story of falling through want into degradation, which swiftly led to sickness nigh unto death. A woman, who came to the hospital with the "voice of an angel" read a chapter about a tower of strength. She left flowers and came again. As soon as the poor creature was well enough she went to church, heard, a "lovely hymn sung," was encouraged and almost happy; she went to the woman who had read the chapter, asked for work in her house, but found her changed. "Of course I could not let you come into my house; I'd like to help you, but—but you know I have a young

daughter," and the story went on. "She gave me a dollar, she was afraid of me. Tower of strength and all, I was too much for her. I hate the talk now. I ain't repentin' any more. I could not reform if I should try. I don't know as I want to try. But I will tell you one thing, though. The chief is right when he says that many women do want to reform. Half of 'em would give anything in the world if some one would show them how."

So the testimony came in. Some would-be reformers talked wisely about going back and beginning with the children. Others once "had hopes" but they "had tried and been disappointed." I have no time to review the interesting testimony. But I must make room for this cry, an unquestionable wail, hot from the mouth of hell itself, the hell that now is, here in Chicago as in San Francisco, a hell for which you and I are responsible; to the fires of which we contribute by our votes, our indifference, our luxurious indulgences. Listen to it, let it ring in your ears until you are ashamed of your extravagances, your conventionalities and artificialities.

To the Editor of the Examiner—SIR: So you would reform us outcasts from the pale of decency and respectability. 'Tis well. We need reformation. Four-fifths of San Francisco's population need it. Go on with the good work. May the blessings of the God of whom Christians talk be with all who honestly care to raise the "scarlet-faced Jezebels." Why are we bad? Why are we sunk in the lowest depths of leprous, polluting degradation? Why, Mr. Editor? Why do garden flowers die in cellars? Why do skylarks pine in cages? Where is happiness? Where is peace? Where is hope? On Dupont street? On Morton street? Nay, Where rings a peal of happy laughter? Where bounds a happy, joyous heart? O God, not here! We came not from happy homes surrounded by all the refinements of civilized life. We had no pleasant home life. We gathered not around the piano with brother or sister or friends and in the long winter evenings, with song and story and game, made merry. No happy memories of youthful days crowd in upon us. Loneliness, want, aspiration, work unrewarded even by a smile, despair, the advent of a human demon with sleek form and gentle mien, deception, ruin—these were our portion. Liquor keeps us where we are. The gin holes, curse them. Their keepers, God forgive. The laws which make them possible, *curse* them, *curse* them, *curse* them! Reform us? How, when rum makes three every week? Reform *us* Reform your laws! How I laugh, laugh with a despairing shriek at the attempts of some kind-hearted and well-meaning people to reform us without reforming and informing themselves. Paint a house white with black paint? Who ever heard of such a thing? Reform when the greatest enemy to moral reform is standing open day and night in thousands of places in San Francisco? What colossal nonsense! Good ladies, take out some of that selfishness from your heart; take care that laces, velvets and satins damn you not. Help your husbands, brothers and sweethearts to remember that rum is the dagger that may some day pierce your heart. Help them to remember that vices are licensed and smiled upon here. Teach them that greed and avarice are the rule—aye, root of evil. The pavement rings with the tread of feet. A scarlet face is behind a green blind. Vice allures. Vice assents. The law smiles and Christian lawmakers wonder. Saloons reap a harvest. Heaven is impoverished. Hell is enriched. My hot head is against the narrow window pane; my aching heart is bursting. Chief Crowley is right.

MARGUERITE.

This letter opens our way to three great curses which first entangle these women's feet, and ever more ensnare them,—poverty, pride and rum. The brothels of Chicago find one steady stream of recruits coming from the sweating shops. These sweating shops fatten the purses of the merchant princes of Chicago, and you and I are wearing garments into which Chicago women have stitched their virtue and their hope. Great God! Where is the blame of it? Where is the shame of it most to be placed? Writes one of the factory girls to the San Francisco Examiner:

"Will you kindly publish a letter from one of the factory girls?

"It is encouraging to see that some people seem to be interested in the poor girls that have been driven to a life of shame. I hope there will be some way to save those that are lost and keep others from going the same way. Only a short time since three of my shopmates left the factory to go to a concert hall. We had been making 20 cents per day for weeks and they could not support a sick mother on that, so had to try something else. Could any one blame them?

"In most places a girl must stand in with the boss to hold her position. If not with him with the foreman or someone that has the power to have us discharged. If we leave the factories and shops to do housework in most cases we are given a miserable room to sleep in, are obliged to work nineteen hours per day and receive constant nagging from the mistress. There are a few exceptions, but this is the rule.

"The Christians talk. Let them see that we are treated less like machines and that we receive reasonable wages, then the few that go wrong will be so naturally vicious that it will not be worth while to save them. There is a mistaken idea in regard to working girls. We are not all bad. Some of us are quite on a par with those not in "factory circles." Only give us a chance; don't wait until we have been starved out so we don't remember whether we have any principle or not. I can assure the good people that appear to be interested in us that it is easier to prevent than to cure this evil.

"God bless the EXAMINER for trying to help us. ONE OF THE GIRLS."

The second curse of woman's pride, the lust of beautiful dress, the charm of luxury which money alone brings. How these woo their feet into wayward ways, blind their eyes to the true realities, throw the soul off its guard until it is too late to recover the safe ground! And here again, let her who is without sin cast the first stone. If you, the favored, the enlightened and the beloved, choke down so many noble aspirations, spend so much precious time and so many dollars, wanting which, great things pine and die at your very feet, for your jewels, your laces, your cumbersome, costly, and oftentimes outrageously inconvenient and indelicate costumes, how much courage have you to throw the stone at the shop girl, who ignorantly put herself in the way of temptation or treachery for the same ends? It was you who fired the imagination and the ambition of the servant girl to make herself as nearly like you as possible. Some anthropologist has declared that democracy is impossible where the wearing of diamonds and costly jewels is in vogue. Some day we shall realize that not only democracy, but virtue dies in the presence of such barbaric survivals. Simplicity and modesty are twin sisters. Chastity and economy live in the same house. If these weaker sisters are to be freed from the thrall of fashion, whose ways ever have a tendency towards death and degradation, you, the stronger and more favored sister must face the thrall. First "cast the mote, out of your own eye and then you can see clearly how to cast the beam out of your sister's eye, for she is your sister whether you recognize it or not; her degradation is your sorrow and humiliation; and your victory makes for her release.

Lastly, the great highway to this misery and sin is rum. Drunkenness first, then poverty and crime, is the order which the Inspector of Police gave to me. In a vast number of cases, break the thrall of rum and the fallen woman stands erect, chaste and honest ever after. When business is dull at the police courts, and more fees are wanted, the baillies drag the poor unfortunates in a house of ill repute to court, but they scarcely arrive there before they are bailed out, and in due time their fines are paid, and that invariably by the saloon-keeper. Their business is in the line of his prosperity. The whiskey man on Harrison Street must have the real flesh and blood, while the dealer on Randolph Street can satisfy his customers with painted counterfeits of the same, if it be done by master hands. Not until this wretched business of poisoning body and soul is looked at in its proper light, is understood as it is, will either men or women be left with the great appetites of life in their normal condition. The whiskey crime is a crime against chastity. The distiller and brewer manufacture the disgrace of women. Every saloon-keeper in this city willingly or unwillingly makes for the impurity of our men and women.

But let us not be dismayed. These very agitations are most hopeful. Art is the handmaid of religion, the best ally of morals. Hoffmann, the greatest religious painter of modern times in his picture, has brought the great Jesus story down to date. There she crouches, the torn lily of God. Bigotry, conventionality and statecraft threaten, are perplexed, are outraged. Timid motherhood shields her babe from the sight of her. The only hand lifted to strike is that of a woman, heaven forgive her. But in the press of the crowd there stand two protecting and prophetic figures, one the benign power of love, the stainless heart of sympathy, who sees beneath the stains the splendid tides of life and love, the struggling forces that make for womanhood, motherhood and home; the other, the strong representative of law. With spear and shield he stands by to execute the justice which love may reveal. It is the arm of the Roman soldier that stays the lifted hand of the hag. Not passion but justice is the inspiration of this picture. Not sentiment but equity. Given these and at last the burning creative forces that course through the veins of men and women, passions so divine that nature has given them tremendous leverage upon our lives lest they might die and be neglected, will find their balance, establish their rhythm in the bodies of men and women, and in society. Then love will indeed be enthroned, and its name will be Justice, not for man nor for woman, but Justice for every sentient being; Justice reaching from the bird's nest in the tree to the woman thwarted in her love; then love will work its way through mistakes of birth and training, through the fog of passion and the stains of crime into purity and dignity. The onward flow of the river of Life will purify itself as it goes, until at last, with the dregs of passion, and the soil of sin left behind, dropped by the way, it will find its home clarified, limpid, pure, in the heart of the infinite ocean of Life, "where all is law, yet all is love."

Notes from the Field.

Ithaca, N. Y.—"Kindly Light" is the name of a little parish sheet, published by the Unitarian church at this University town, to the brightness of which these columns have frequently testified. Some weeks ago, through the carelessness of a musician, who was granted the privilege of practicing on the organ, their little church was burned to the ground. The sympathy of the community has been aroused. The subscriptions for rebuilding are rapidly coming in, about six thousand of the ten thousand dollars needed, having been pledged. The issue of February 19th is given over to an interesting correspondence re-printed from local papers. One signing himself "Layman" protested against the Christians of the city contributing to such funds. He was answered by an American Catholic in an indignant protest, and calls upon the layman to come out from the shadows into the religious clearness. He says:

"Come "Layman," come out from the shadows into the religious clearing! Come and breathe the sweet Christian toleration and liberality of the hour! It will inspire you with a faith new and regenerating. Abandon your narrow confines and aid the Unitarian part of the commonwealth to develop all that lies latent in it of the beautiful and true. Let us assist them in erecting a church to save those will not go to your church, nor to mine."

One signing himself "A Presbyterian" joins with the Catholic and the local press in a protest against the narrowness of the layman. From his letter we quote the following as a specimen paragraph.

"While the so-called liberal churches have compelled recognition, and a recasting of former views and prejudices by the fruits of the spirit manifest among them, the orthodox churches have, themselves, become broader, though not, I trust, less earnest and faithful. Religion is coming more and more to be regarded among them, as a life, rather than the acceptance of a creed; yet a life founded on well defined principles of faith.

India.—Recently there was a widow re marriage at Bellary which has much hopeful significance. She was one of the child-widows who was married at five and lost her husband at ten; but the tyranny of custom has been broken and this young woman of twenty was married to the man of her choice, and the wedding was publicly celebrated in the presence of Hindoos, among them "a few Brahmins." The world moves.

London.—According to the Inquirer there is an effort in the School Board to introduce religious instruction into the public schools in such a way that the children shall be taught "that Christ is God, and such explanations of the doctrine of the Holy Trinity are to be given as may be suited to their capacities."

The last concession is considerate.

Russia.—The committee of Quakers visiting this realm in behalf of those persecuted for religion's sake, have been informed by the "Minister of Religion," representing the Royal government, "That there is no such thing in the whole of Russia as religious intolerance."

Wales.—The Standard, Baptist organ, is authority for the item that an Unitarian minister recently lecturing at Carnarvon, found his audience organizing with an orthodox chairman at the close of his address, and the lecturer was advised to leave town next morning and was escorted to his lodging by a constable. The paper says "danger of assault was imaginary, but it shows that the atmosphere was unfavorable."

Chicago.—The Pastor of All Souls Church exchanged last Sunday with the Rev. W. D. Simonds of the Independent Church of Battle Creek, Mich. On the 12th of March Mr. Jones preaches at Menomonie, Wis. and Prof. Albion W. Small of the Department of Sociology in Chicago University will occupy his pulpit. The Prof. is a Baptist D. D., and does not seem to be afraid of the heretical contact. He has no congregation to make a protest. As a Liberal Evangelical Pastor in the neighborhood did have. The laity in this parish protested so loud against a proposed exchange with Mr. Jones that the arrangement was withdrawn. The correspondence made public the fact that Dr. Frank Bristol, of the Methodist church is the only settled orthodox minister in the vicinity who has dared accept the Sunday courtesies of All Souls Church during its ten years of existence.

CURED

"About seven or eight months ago I was attacked by a cough, and at once began to take a medicine much advertised as an expectorant, and continued using it until I had taken about six bottles. Instead of giving me relief, it only made me worse. I tried several other remedies, but all in vain, and I don't think I had three whole nights' rest during my illness. I began to think that

Consumption

had laid hold of me, and my hopes of recovery were all gone. I was a mere skeleton, but a friend of mine, who had been some time away, called to see me. He recommended me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and kindly sending me a bottle, I took it, but with little hopes of recovery. I am thankful, however, to say that it cured me, and I am to-day enjoying the best of health."—J. Wilmot Payne, Monrovia, Liberia.

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Sun.—The strong, not the weak, know the strength of others.
Mon.—Not in good fortune, but in ill, is the power of great men revealed.
Tues.—Justice being destroyed will destroy; being preserved, will preserve.
Wed.—The inborn nature of the noble suffers no change to life's end.
Thurs.—That jewel knowledge is great riches, not decreased by giving.
Fri.—A work prospers through endeavor, not through work.
Sat.—Friendship knows no separations that divide it in space.

HINDU SCRIPTURES.

A Little Girl's Fancies.

By mother's side I like to stand
And watch the clouds move by,
For, oh! I see such lovely things,
A fairy boat with sails like wings
Will float along, and then 'twill change
To snowy peaks that form a range
Of mountains grand and high;
And once two giants, hand in hand,
Climbed up the evening sky.

Then on my window Jack Frost draws,
When winter nights are here,
The summer flowers (it often seems
As if I smell them in my dreams)
And trees with leaves all silver white
That shine like diamonds in the light
Until they disappear,
And reindeer brings Santa Claus
When Christmas day is near.

At twilight, sitting by the fire
To watch the embers glow,
I see a castle's lofty walls,
And cliffs, and rose-red water-falls,
And caves where wicked witches hide—
But as the embers fall aside,
And small and smaller grow,
The pictures fade,—'tis getting late,
'Tis bedtime then, I know.

If walking by the brook, I dare
To bend above its brink,
Another little girl I see,
And when I smile, she smiles at me;
I see the elm with drooping boughs,
And under it the sleepy cows
When they come down to drink;
There must be pictures everywhere
For little girls, I think.

ANNA M. PRATT, in *Youth's Companion*.

Be Generous While Alive.

"I have felt that it is a great mistake to put off being generous till after you are dead," says G. W. Childs in *The American Youth*. "In the first place you lose the pleasure of witnessing the good that you may do; and, again, no one can administer your gifts for you as well as you can do it yourself. It is a great pleasure to be brought into personal relations of that kind, and to make people feel that you are not a philanthropist in the abstract, but that you are interested in them personally and care for their welfare. In that way you benefit them not merely in a natural way, but you make them feel that men are really brothers, and that they were made to help one another. That feeling is not only agreeable in itself, but it will be apt to prompt them to carry out the principle themselves. Put yourself into all you do, and let others feel that you are there. Do not only contribute to a charitable fund, but go yourself and help. It may seem an inconvenience at first but soon you will come to consider it worth any inconvenience." There are those who have known enough about hardship in their younger days to make them want to do something that shall be a substantial help to other young people who are struggling along under similar difficulties. Peter Cooper, was one of these, and in the same paper Mr. Cotton tells of his early life and how he came to build during his own life the institute that now offers to all who cannot afford to pay for it, the opportunity to get an education free:

"Peter Cooper was a poor boy, and had very poor health. He had but litte chance to get an education. He went to school only one year in his whole life and in that year had to stay at home many days. His father was a hatter, and at eight years of age young Peter spent his time in helping to earn a living, in pulling hairs from the skins of rabbits, which his father killed, to make the hat-pulp. When he was about seventeen years of age, he went to the great city of New York, to see what he could do there. For some time he found nothing to do, but kept walking the streets in day-time trying to find employment.

"At length he met a carriage-maker, who took him as an apprentice for five years, giving him his board and two dollars per month. We can see from this that he could have but few of the comforts or even necessaries of life. But in the midst of toil and privation, he was heard to say, 'If I ever get money enough, I will build a place where the poor girls and boys of New York may get an education free.'

"He was prospered, and lived to accumulate enough to build an institute, which bears his name, Cooper Institute. Who can estimate the great amount of good it is doing yearly for the poor?"

Essentials of Character.

With the first of March our regular line of Six Years' Sunday-school work takes up the Ethical studies. This year from March to July the subject to be studied is "Essentials of Character." The foundation of these lessons, as presented by Rev. H. C. McDougal at the Tower Hill Summer Institute, was "Corner Stones of Character" by Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, to which, teachers and those who use this course, are referred.

Although heretofore it has been only the first course of the year for which lesson leaves have been printed in UNITY, it was hoped that this year the second course also might have them. But it is now decided to vary this method by printing the thoughtful helps Mr. McDougal has prepared, in the Home Department of our paper, where in the shape of such contributions, they will perhaps reach more readily the eye and heart of parent and child as well as teacher. The first number is given below. E. T. L.

Love.

"Love is of God and every one that loveth is born of God."

As a basis of Character. Love is the foundation of all Character-building. From it grow all the other qualities which go to make up a noble character. These all require love to make them effective. One is earnest, just, kind, true and faithful because he loves.

Growth in love. Love begins with our affection for parents and friends who care for and love us; but love ought to grow with our growth until it embraces all people and all things that are worthy of our love. Love may be cultivated and should be by every one in order to live a true, happy and helpful life.

In the Home. Love in the home makes it the brightest spot on earth for those who share it. Love makes the members of the family kind, considerate and helpful to each other, sharing one another's burdens so that all burdens are more easily borne.

On the playground. Love banishes all quarrelling for the best places in the play, all hateful words, all unkind actions, and makes every game more delightful because every one tries to help the others.

In the school-room makes cheerful obedience and faithful study. Love never worries the teacher nor teases the other pupils.

In society Love makes true ladies and gentlemen; not simply polished in manners but helpful and considerate of each others' rights and feelings.

In the business world, Love makes the golden rule, workable in the market-place and the shop and men generously kind to each other whenever they meet.

In the Church and Sunday School love gives a generous welcome to every stranger and a smile to every friend.

A Careful Mother.

A trustworthy writer in one of our exchanges says that last summer, near his room, a humming-bird built her tiny nest and reared her family. One day, when there was a heavy shower coming up, just as the first drops fell, the mother came fluttering home, seized a large leaf which grew on the tree near her nest, drew it over the nest in a way to completely cover it, then went back to whatever work she had been about when the coming storm disturbed her. The amused watcher from the window wondered why the leaf did not blow away, and finally reached out and examined it. They found it hooked to a tiny stick which was just inside the nest, as if it had been built in for that purpose! The storm lasted but a few minutes; and, after it was over, home came the mother, unhooked the green curtain she had so carefully put up, and found her babies perfectly dry.—*The Pansy.*

The games which children are playing in the streets are an index of the civilization of the city and the country in which they live. Imitation is the essential characteristic of the child. They are doing what they see their elders do. The games which they play are the games which the grown up people are playing in sober earnest.—*From a S. S. address by W. W. Fenn.*

"The *New World* is the ablest religious Quarterly Review in the New World, or the Old."—REV H. W. THOMAS, Chicago.

"Each number is worth the full price for the year."—HON CARROLL D. WRIGHT, Washington.

The New World for March 1893

(An issue of special interest to Presbyterians.)

CONTENTS.

The Place of the Fourth Gospel in the New Testament Literature—ORELLO CONE.
The Folk-Song of Israel in the mouth of the Prophets.—KARL BUDDE.
Cosmopolitan Religion—CYRUS A. BARTOL.
The Alleged Socialism of the Prophets—ALFRED W. BENN.
Whittier's Spiritual Career—JOHN W. CHADWICK.
The Personal Element in Biblical Inspiration—MARVIN R. VINCENT.
Israel in Egypt—CRAWFORD HOWELL TOY.
The Briggs Heresy Trial—C. R. GILLETT.
Book Reviews.

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A Little Idea FOR WOMEN. The Woman's Publishing Company of Minneapolis, Minn., publishers of "The Housekeeper" paid 5 per cent as its first semi-annual dividend, Jan. 2, 1893. All stock fully paid up before April 1 will participate in the next semi-annual dividend of *at least* 5 per cent which will be declared and paid July next. A few shares of the capital stock of this company, par value $10 each, will make a permanent paying present or investment. A handsome brochure telling all about it is sent free on application.

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SCIENCE—TENTH YEAR

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Publisher's Notes.

Clearance Sale Continued.

Owing to circumstances beyond our control, we find that our tenancy of the fifth floor at 350 Dearborn street, which we had expected would be for a year, will be limited to a very few weeks. We are at this writing now negotiating for the lease of offices which will be on the whole more desirable, but meanwhile we are anxious to work off on any reasonable terms the stock of books now on hand, in order that we may escape as much as possible of the expense of a second moving.

We will therefore continue the "Clearance Sale" offers made in UNITY of February 16th, except in cases where our stock of a particular book is already exhausted. We also add some titles not mentioned in that number, and will be glad to show to those who will call on us a large number of different books of which we have not enough similar copies to warrant our advertising them. To illustrate:—

An Ounce of Prevention to save America from Having a Government Of the Few, By the Few, and for the Few. By Augustus Jacobson. Retail price fifty cents, clearance price 50 cents, a few copies soiled as to cover but otherwise perfect, 14 cents, postpaid.

Liberty and Life, by E. P. Powell; cloth, $1.00, clearance price 67 cents, postage 8 cents; paper 50-cents, clearance price 30 cents postpaid, a few slightly damaged copies at 14 cents postpaid.

The Evolution of Immortality, by Dr. C. T. Stockwell, cloth 60 cents, clearance price 40 cents, postage 5 cents.

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All these prices are strictly for cash with order. We cannot afford to give credit on retail sales. Nine out of ten of those who ask credit pay promptly, but the loss and trouble caused by the tenth customer leave little profit on this class of trade. Yet it is often a decided convenience for a book buyer to be able to send for a book without knowing the price beforehand, and to be sure the price will be as low as possible. That is why we have devised the plan of our co-operative publishing bonds. For the outline of the idea we are indebted to our brilliant though erratic friend John B. Alden. There are, however, two points of difference. First, he pays ten per cent interest; we do not believe that the profits of any legitimate business in these times are large enough to make this entirely safe for either party, and we therefore offer but six per cent. On the other hand his bondholders have the same troubles as others who order by mail, in guessing at the exact amount and procuring a money order for each purchase; ours can buy on credit each month up to the face value of the bond, and pay for all the purchases at the end of the month. We issue these bonds in any denomination not less than ten dollars, and for any time not less than one year. We allow bondholders a discount of forty per cent on all books published by us, and a discount of thirty per cent on most books of other American publishers, with as low rates as possible on the books known to the trade as "special." Further particulars on application.

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